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How plain does it appear that there is not another condition of life so well suited for philosophizing as this in which thou now happenest to be.

EMPEROR MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS.



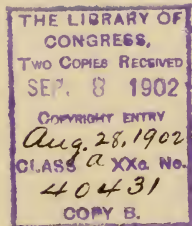
The Meditations  
of  
Alí Ben Háfiz

By  
LeeRoy J. Tappan

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Lee Roy J. Tappan

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The Meditations  
of  
Alí Ben Háfiz

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I.

**T**HE Omnipotent One willed it  
And in the immeasurable, placed  
By unseen, subtle forces,  
The World evolved from out the waste.

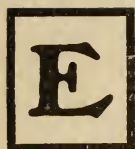
II.

The Master Potter <sup>1</sup> on the revolving wheel  
A vessel of unusual beauty wrought,  
And, breathing on the senseless clay  
Man into life is brought.

III.

Empires rise and fall ; Babel rears to heaven its head,  
The Egyptian Pharo's to build temples and pyri-  
mids are led ;  
A Cyrus or an Alexander the nations mould ;  
War, Famine and Flood, the scrolls unfold.

IV.



EVER flying on pinions never weary,  
Legion are they who by the Wings of Death are  
brushed;  
The Earth with open arms outstretched,  
Welcomes her own, dust unto dust.

V.

Each has a part in this great Drama passed  
Before the Ages, whose setting Earth, the time Eter-  
nity, Humanity the cast;  
And through all the changes as the Play proceeds  
*He* sits alone a witness of the first act and the last.

VI.

One taste from the brimming cup  
And lo! there stands another waiting for his sup,  
Ready the place to occupy,  
Where, short before the other stood so soon to die.

VII.

Across the sky a lurid glare,  
And quickly all again is dark;  
Or pausing a brief hour its light to share  
Is gone, and we remaining understand, in part.

VIII.

The fated hour soon makes its round  
When for that trackless shore are bound  
The mortals who in this lone sphere  
Are doomed to joy, to sorrow and to fear.

IX.



F, through the darkness we emerge to Light,  
Then through what existence came we ere this  
present Plight ?  
And to what Harbor gains the evolving Soul  
If, by many changes reaching in time, its logic  
right ?

X.

In all its splendor breaks the Dawn  
Heralded by Horsemen in golden armor clad ;  
Earth throws aside her misty coverlet to yawn,  
Her varied life resumes with pleasure, yet is sad.

XI.

Standing on the World's edge who first the gleaming  
Heralds greet,  
Bathed as are the valleys in a broad band of shining  
gold ?  
And who a parting gives to these horsemen on steeds  
so fleet,  
Galloping across the sky, away, and into what Un-  
told ?

XII.

Each smiling morn a thousand Roses brings,  
Each eve, on leaf and flower, a dewdrop clings ;  
Withered the Rose of yestermorn, vanished the spark-  
ling drop,  
But the same hand that gathers, in abundance flings.

XIII.

In the Magic Hall of Echoes stood I in seclusion,  
Where every echo seemed the Voice it mocked,  
Thrusting the keen Lance of Truth in each Illusion,  
Through some flaw left for my confusion.

XIV.



INTO the Globe of Destiny did look,  
Whose crystal depths a measureless well did seem,  
Whose waters quickly many colors took,  
Changing, ever changing in a varied gleam.

XV.

A million! yea, ten thousand times a million, were the  
scenes before me passed,  
Cried a Voice from out the Darkness, "Short your  
life time ere the last."  
Why? Whence? and Whither? which in the Globe to  
solve I looked,  
Acknowledge I with swimming senses, are far be-  
yond the mortal grasp.

XVI.

The Wind played o'er the Strings of a Harp in a  
window set,  
Sweeping with passionate touch like the voice of a  
wandering Soul outlet,  
Or lingering fondly with caressing fingers,  
Whispering Voices of the Unseen, the pensive listen-  
ers abet.

XVII.

At midnight, wild the mourning from the breeze-swept  
silver strings,  
"We the Voices of the Restless Wind,  
Ever onward, never ceasing, this for us each hour  
brings,  
Sobbing, moaning for the Rest we never find."

XVIII.

**A**S the restless Wind so is the Mortal life;  
A Dawn, a Bosom, a Sob, then Night;  
Man passes Existence's fleeting hour in strife,  
Not knowing Whence nor Whither; could this but  
questioning incite ?

XIX.

We are Phantoms of the wind like ye;  
All Life offers are but passing breezes on the chang-  
ing strings:  
Love, the Rose, thy Friends, if enduring this would  
pleasure be,  
But having drunk Life's Cup, Death, the dregs into  
our faces flings.

XX.

I, Pleasure in the Courts of Love have sought,  
'Mid scenes on which a thousand times I've thought,  
And though each scene the same sweet flavor leaves,  
To me, Repentance ever says: "Thy time too  
cheaply bought."

XXI.

Through halls of marble, cool as Himalayas' snow, I  
went,  
O'er whose alabaster roof there ran rich carvings  
which great beauty lent;  
And down the sides to lattices and woven round the  
dome,  
Jade, onyx and the jasper stone in wonderous inlay  
blent.

XXII.



FROM portals of carved cedar wood, curtains red, green  
and gold were hung;  
Feet deep into rich carpets sunk o'er whose making  
generations sung;  
Lamps of chased silver fed by perfumed oil from the  
Roof swinging, shown like soft lights from the  
heavens flung.

XXIII.

A fountain with the ripple of hushed music filled the  
scented air;  
The basin where in it fell, of marble white with pink  
veins was wrought,  
In whose clear depths fish, red and gold, like pleasures  
share;  
And over all such rest and comfort as the Prophet's  
promises declare.

XXIV.


From arched and latticed windows, a scene of natural  
beauty spread;  
Far off against the azure sky, mountains where Alla's  
Chosen pled;  
Nearer, like islands rising from a golden sea of grain,  
stood  
Gardens pleasant, and groves of palm trees the til-  
ler's humble hut o'ershaded.

XXV.

Time quickly passed as in these fair halls I lived for-  
getting,  
Where Music whispered through the bloom,  
And amorous song, voluptuous dance, lithe forms in  
rythm stepping  
To the tinkling zyther's soothing notes, enraptured  
by the dreamy tune.



XXVI.



NE face often in the mirror of the Past I see;  
Halima with thy lips of musk, eyes bright, sparkling as the stars of night,  
Whose form, equaled, cannot even by the Sultan's favorite be;  
Open ever were thy arms in whose embrace all cares took flight.

XXVII.

But why me do past experiences beset ?  
If not to remind that soon I too the same caravan may join  
Where short before, I Halima farewell bade with fond regret  
That one so young must spend her valued treasure,—  
Life's golden coin.

XXVIII.

The western sky with pink and gold was flecked,  
As to prayer <sup>2</sup> from a minaret a muezzin called,  
'Twas then I heard Halima's wooing voice so short a time by Azrael <sup>3</sup> checked,  
Say: " So great my love that not from thee by Death is walled."

XXIX.

How calm in peaceful slumber dreams the sleeper, lo!  
When Life is passed and cold in Death is he not even so ?  
From the faded roses o'er his grave gone perfume and beauty, but where ?  
The lamp of oil is drained, wither has gone the flame, can'st show ?

XXX.



THE garlands bright, the costly incense show slight  
respect,  
If in Life the silent one was never decked  
With beautiful wreaths, not merely once, but often ;  
'The Living', not those in the shadows past can feel  
neglect.

XXXI.

The wanderer returns and with his bride  
A million cycles of Eternity to abide ;  
The nuptial couch is ever thus prepared  
For those who through the Gloomy Portal stride.

XXXII.

When for you and I the silent gates asunder swing,  
Who can tell whether Joy or Sorrow will bring  
The first glance of wonders from within the frowning  
Portal ne'er passed save by the Entering ?

XXXIII.

From this far country where great hosts sojourn,  
Who has ever seen a caravan return  
From without the haze, or e'en  
A single weary one the Secret learn ?

XXXIV.

**F**OR this long journey a multitude prepare,  
Some with hopeful joy declare,  
Others ever living in To-Day  
No vague Mirage of To-Morrow share.

XXXV.

The Sultan in his gorgeous tomb is laid,  
Nations mourn, and tribute from all men is paid;  
But in that place where name of slave and sultan is for-  
got,  
Such are as ashes on the simoom's breath, thus for  
all the lot.


XXXVI.

Mohammed to the Faithful, Paradise holds out;  
Gautama, Zoroaster and the Nazerene  
Each their respective versions shout,  
Whose devotes declare their own the only mean.

XXXVII.

If by a lonely pilgrimage I the Sacred Mecca <sup>4</sup> gained,  
Or Buddha Gaya, where Prince Siddartha <sup>5</sup> the per-  
fect enlightenment attained:  
Will these to the mortal brain a soothing balm apply,  
Thinking, as do a multitude, to be by Penance sus-  
tained ?

XXXVIII.



H! what confusion and to what complications led  
By the two and seventy jarring sects, <sup>6</sup>  
Each "The Right," and saved he who this selects;  
Did not the Tower of Babel rear to Heaven its  
head ?

XXXIX.

A sage bent with weight of years, once said to me;  
"Life's cup is brimming with Hopes that but allure  
to flee,  
With Joys that vanish while we sip;  
Pleasure and Creed no more than a Delusion be."


XL.

Of a verity, 'tis a foolish state  
To pass hours away in debate,  
When Rubies kindle in the Wine,  
And flowered barge, the lute and Love await.

XLI.

Think'st thou that when this life is passed,  
'Twill be whether thou did'st dine or fast,  
Or whether from that table of engraven stone  
Thou did'st learn the lesson of forgiveness cast ?

XLII.



NE sip from thy Jar replete,  
To the wanderer in the Desert thou do'st give,  
Wilt not the Wise One to thy account  
A reward direct in that Hereafter thou may'st  
live ?

XLIII.

When the sailor to reach the Ethiopic Ocean steers  
Through that strait of perils called "The Gate of  
Tears,"<sup>7</sup>  
He thinks of loved ones mourning him as dead,  
And trusting in a mightier Power chokes down his  
fears.

XLIV.

We'll trust, as hither and thither is blown  
The frail bark, that GOD is not alone  
Given to wrath, but may guide us to a  
Harbor safe, unknown to clashing Sect or sacred  
tome.

XLV.

The Rose, thy Love and Time, quickly pass away,  
Best not to mourn for things of Yesterday;  
Bowers still by the river bloom, other loves await;  
Thy present happiness will Sorrow and Regret out-  
stay.

XLVI.

**L**OVE is sweet, but as dust into dust mingle  
The fond breasts which pillow and the lips which  
tingle  
In caress; Alas! that all this beauty is to disappear;  
Both faded, the fair rose from the common, impos-  
sible to single.

XLVII.

My Orient Pearl, of the apples from Istkahar, <sup>8</sup>  
Only the honeyed half is best by far  
For thee and me, who naught but sweets desire,  
Too soon the Bitter must we taste, our love to mar.

XLVIII.

Love's song and the zither's notes are for the Night,  
For Day, he who us the Potion of Forgetfulness  
gives, is Sleep;  
My Heart's Desire, come pledge thou me aright,  
To-Night we laugh, who knows? To-morrow we  
may weep.

XLIX.

The wine's not made from grapes that yet must grow,  
Neither from the grapes that last year grew; and so  
This Present Harvest is alone the Juice;  
Live in To-Day, let Past and Future go.

L.

**M**OHAMMED says; <sup>9</sup> " In the Battle's ardent heat,  
All who Death in valor meet,  
For such, beckoning Houris in the skies,  
Welcoming to gardens fair, midst Eternal Joy re-  
plete."

LI.

Tell not of fancied pleasures in the skies,  
Of dark-eyed, waiting ones in Paradise;  
The chance to cross the keen-edged scimitar of Al-  
Sirat <sup>10</sup>  
Is small indeed; thou must for me another way de-  
vise.

LII.


Those there be, wholly to carnage and the Koran given,  
Who think each time their blades into an unbeliever's  
heart are driven,  
The more direct their path to Heaven  
And joys unspeakable for which they've striven.

LIII.

Great Alla ! Art Thou not with anger shook  
When such as these before Thee stand,  
Claiming as their guide inspired, the book  
Mohammed in his fertile brain has planned ?



LIV.



NE cannot wash his spirit clean in blood  
Of either human or the beast,  
Nor gladden GOD by crimsoning the altars in  
a flood  
From sacrifices offered up by priest.

LV.

The tempting lips, the grape's sweet juice,  
From these and many more, which in this world are  
placed,  
Saints and Sages would abstinence induce;  
Why, if here placed, should not the many gifts be  
tasted ?

LVI.

The tawny lion is to subjection brought,  
By man's supremacy its boldness looses,  
And this same lesson should the flesh be taught,  
If man, as his own master, a little moderation uses.

LVII.

Some give to the dust with one toss, the flower of Life,  
Others slowly, one by one, the wine red petals scatter;  
To win Ambition's fleeting goal, ever the strife,  
This the highest aim, they themselves do flatter.



LVIII.

S

SOLOMON in all his glory could not win  
The splendor of the lillies, which neither toil nor  
spin,  
And man through life, a ceaseless effort makes  
In striving for a wordly estimation, bubble thin.

LIX.

Perchance thou wilt gain the favor of those  
Whose caprice, like their kingdom, comes and goes,  
And when in the high place thou dost stand,  
Do not forget, the Sower only gathers as he throws.

LX.

The bubble on the beaker's brim shines  
For a moment, but to break, and To-Day finds  
Us awakening from the dreams that seemed so fair ;  
The slip between the Cup and Lip oft changes our  
designs.

LXI.

Down through the corridors of Time  
Comes echoing the story of the After-Life ;  
Some hear and muse, others drown sober thoughts in  
Wine,  
Not caring to discuss the question rife.

LXII.



F this present garment which the Soul wears for a while

Is but of Mortal weave, why wear this humble garb, if free

To don a Royal Robe for this which may defile ?

Why not burn the Rags, and seize the cloak of Immortality ?

LXIII.

Certainty marches in the funeral line of Doubt,  
And says to the wondering ones who stand without,  
"Life is short, but Oh! the cycles of Eternity;  
Why waste the Present in Future Hopes devout?"

LXIV.

My Soul through other spheres journeyed afar,  
To rend the Veil so thin, and yet so dense as to de-  
bar  
Us from all Knowledge of the After-Life.  
Which may be, or may not, 'tis about on par.

LXV.

In time my Soul returned to me  
And said, " In thy world both Joy and Sorrow be;  
The Joys of Paradise or the Agonies  
Of Al-Hawiyat both abide in thee."

LXVI.



THE body! 'tis but an earthen jar,  
Which serves a purpose, and when, as before  
The Shard is Earths, the Treasure so far  
By it hid is there no more.

LXVII.

One tries to turn from the embrace of Sorrow,  
And looking for Pleasure in some Tomorrow,  
Halts wondering, to see her face smiling through  
Tears, as she asks if he would pleasure borrow.

LXVIII.

Once, standing by a date palm full of bloom,  
I calculated on the store of fruit;  
'Neath that same palm I stood days after, yet so soon,  
And blasted were the buds; the cause to a desert wind  
impute. "1

LXIX.

Time turns Life's pages with a ceaseless hand,  
Whether in Mecca or in Samarkand:  
Though storm clouds gather or mild zepfers blow,  
Through all, fast falls the golden sand.

LXX.



WELL, let them turn, shall not we tune  
The lute, and in some bower with roses strewn,  
Pass time away 'till breaks the dawn ?  
Reminding of sweet hours past, alas! too soon.

LXXI.

Who knows where the Gennii <sup>12</sup> hid  
The jeweled cup of <sup>13</sup> King Jamshid,  
Sparkling full of Life's Elixir, bidding  
The Thirsty drink and of Death's fears be rid ?

LXXII.

Into the Labyrinth of Human Fate  
I went, wandering with longing innate,  
That the Secret I might discover ;  
Alas! the entrance was the exit and I insatiate.

LXXIII.

Nor can they answer, Sun, Stars or Moon,  
The mourning Sea, the Earth in bloom ;  
They to this question silent are,  
Although with the Infinite in tune.

LXXIV.



WHEN in the Hand of the Wind you and I  
Are swept into Eternity, the few who sigh,  
And of our Coming and Departure know,  
May miss us for a while, but not for aye.

LXXV.

Repentance! I with him many a discussion share,  
And oft'times to his way of thinking brought;  
Though me he never a censure spare,  
All my musings come to naught.

LXXVI.

Every draught drank in the palm's cool shade  
Is but a balm to past sorrows laid,  
And he who carefully the jeweled cup abstains,  
How much more the pass to future happiness  
obtains?

LXXVII.

Does the Wise One, scales in hand,  
Change by one weight, more or less, the life of man?  
Or do the Three, without remorse, without fatigue,  
To bring success or failure, ever league?

LXXVIII.



HERE, indeed, is Life's satisfaction sent?

To him who in the palace dwells with slaves on  
every hand ?

Or to the humble one with labor bent,

Who sustenance obtains from one free source, the  
land ?

LXXIX.

Of'times the water from the earthen bowl

Tastes bitter, perchance the bitterness comes from  
thy Soul,

Or the clay of the bowl, once man, never looses

Mortality's keen flavor, even though in different  
mould.

LXXX.

The emerald on thy forehead gleaming like a serpent's  
eye,

The jar on whose contents, for daily food, the <sup>14</sup>  
sacred doves rely,

The sparkling wine cup and we who drink ;

All can to no higher source than clay their origin  
imply.

LXXXI.

The bird through its freedom a joyous life leads ;

Trying never the unattainable to reach by foregoing  
deeds ;

But man the slayer, being wise, is by

His very wisdom plagued, yet for greater wisdom  
pleads.

LXXXII.

**T**HE sandal to act a lowly port is suffered,  
And if it hurt thee either at the heel or toe,  
Blamest thou the sandal with dust o'er covered ?  
Or dost wonder why then did'st it the Maker  
fashion so ?

LXXXIII.

Summer ended, through the golden haze the swallows  
flit away,  
Again returning after they the winter blasts outstay :  
Beware! Words and deeds from us go out ;  
To-morrow, or years hence come back and interest  
on the principal repay.

LXXXIV.

The Ruby in thy armlet sparkles with a brilliant light,  
But not without much rubbing came the polishing  
aright ;  
Nor is man perfected by a Life all Joy and Ease ;  
The Battles of his making are alone his own to fight.

LXXXV.

As light from darkness is discerned,  
So good from bad is by the contrast learned ;  
Were Sorrow foreign to this world, Pleasure would  
its keen flavor loose.  
And Life without the spice would soon be spurned.



LXXXVI.



KNOW of an isle in <sup>15</sup> Oman's Sea,  
Whose banks of pearl and coral be,  
Washed by waters of a sapphire hue,  
There to live and love together, what felicity!

LXXXVII.

Its velvet turf is shaded by the fair palm tree,  
The Rose and Jasmine yield sweetness to the honey  
bee;  
'Tis here cool fountains, perfumed breeze and song of  
birds  
Would share in making this a paradise for thee and  
me.

LXXXVIII.

The Wine a cooling in the spring,  
And thou beside me in dreamy voice to sing  
Of thy true love; for this, gladly  
Would I from me an empire's sceptre fling.

LXXXIX.

Tune not the zyther high, neither tune it low,  
For the string too tight soon breaks and away go  
Charming notes, then if too low, the string is silent;  
"Tune then the zyther neither high nor low."



XC.

**E**

EGYPT, whose life depends on Nilu's sacred flood  
Of tears, wept by Isis o'er <sup>16</sup> Osiris dead,  
Thou land of mystery where virgin to the river god  
is wed;  
Where from its bath of tears blooms forth the  
lotus bud!

XCI.

'Twas on this murky, brooding stream,  
That Antony with Cleopatra did dream  
The hours away, and awoke to find  
The World's crown lost, and likewise all esteem.

XCII.

Oh! to solve the riddle of the silent Sphinx!  
Who through the ages with that knowing smile  
Has sat the same, with eyes that never shrink  
From desert sun, nor heed passing nations the while.

XCIII.

Into great depths plunges the diver,  
And with a priceless pearl emerges;  
Despair not, in darker depths hidden for the gallant  
striver  
A pearl, in value a king's ransom, lies washed by  
ocean surges.

XCIV.



LEACHING in a scorching land,  
Found I, with sorrowing thoughts, a skull,  
Not knowing, died the traveller in the sand,  
That nearby an oasis bloomed his thirst to lull.

XCV.

When in thy wanderings a strange path thou takest,  
And falling into some dark pit, its dangers to thy  
mind recalls,  
So that another time, thou for thyself a safer way  
makest,  
More cautious and the wiser for thy falls.

XCVI.

Oh, glorious Night! How brightly gleams thy cres-  
cent diadem,  
And how the <sup>17</sup> bulbul in mellow notes pours forth  
ecstatic song!  
Life is sweet in such an hour, with dewy gem  
On leaf and blossom; all Nature tries this vision to  
prolong.

XCVII.

Nor can David's song compare with thine,  
To whose entrancing notes the stars with greater  
brightness shine,  
As though 'twere not interrupted by the garish light  
Of Day, but continuous, ever sweeter, a melody  
divine.

XCVIII.

A

H Music! great is thy heart touching power,  
When soft from the lute, through the moonlight  
is stealing,  
Thy voice which invites in that magical hour,  
To cares throw aside, Love's presence only feel-  
ing.

XCIX.

Strange when the heart cannot be  
Softened by such melody:  
If GOD gave means to discover His existence,  
Then surely Nature is the simplest key.

C.

The Air, the Rose, the Mountain; in each is HE,  
Though not imprisoned in his own handiwork: to  
flee  
From HIM! impossible, His life continues through all  
Time;  
The Only, when no more are Sun, Earth and Sea.

CI.

Vain the endeavor to measure the Immeasurable, or  
sink  
The plumb of thought into the Fathomless, to link  
The Finite with the Infinite; awed by the  
Depths between, we, back into the shadow shrink.

CII.



AND when for me this Life shall end,  
Lay me not in sepulcher, but trend  
Thy way to mountain top, there, from the urn,  
My ashes afar on the winds of Heaven send.

CIII.

Thus it may be in Egypt's pillared Halls  
Of Denderah I'll rest, or breeze carried where falls  
The scented dew oe'r India's ancient soil, from whose  
Teeming millions The Brahmana <sup>18</sup> a varied service  
calls.

CIV.

'Midst revelry, as the wine cup to my lips I press,  
I think of those beneath and make a guess  
That a <sup>19</sup> libation poured to earth may reach  
The lips long silent, yet parched no less.

CV.

Of Babylon's wonders much is seen,  
How Nebuchadnezzar for his Median queen  
<sup>20</sup> Gardens unexcelled in beauty built,  
Watered from Euphrates' stream.

CVI.

**H**

HEAVY indeed is the hand,  
That o'er that once fair, glorious land  
The seeds of dissolution sowed  
Where wonders great by man were planned.

CVII.

From the entangling Web of Fate can'st see  
Thy freedom ? That which is to be, will be,  
Never can'st thou escape thy shadow ;  
It is with thee always, wherever thou dost flee.

CVIII.

<sup>21</sup> Israfil, thou Angel of the Melodious Voice,  
If I could hear thee sing and had my choice  
From all the anthems to select, 'twould be  
The Anthem of Eternity, to Doubt disperse and me  
rejoice.

CIX.

The same sun that from the East,  
Lighting Mecca's gilded tower,  
Smiled when at the Wise One's touch,  
Clay breathed to show HIS power.

CX.



HE dewdrop slips into the gleaming Sea,  
Neither taking from nor adding to, apparently;  
The wavelets whisper, the great waves moan  
'In sending forth the Eternal Melody.

CXI.

When thou about thee the garment of oblivion hold,  
Fear not lest horrid visions be to thy sleep unrolled,  
But smiling to the friends around thy couch,  
Into blissful ease incline, as thee the mystic arms  
enfold.

TÁMAM



Here endeth THE MEDITATIONS OF ALÍ BEN HÁFIZ,  
as written by LEEROY J. TAPPAN. Privately printed  
under the personal supervision of the author. Done  
in August, MCMII.





# Notes

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Note 1. The Potter's art is not only the most common, but the most ancient of all arts, and so the simile of the Pot and the Potter to man and his creator, is found in the Literature of the World, in nearly every country. The Hebrew Prophets make this comparison as do the writers of the present day.

Rom. 9-21. Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honor, and another unto dishonor? Also see, Isa. 64-8.

Jer. 18-6. O house of Israel, cannot I do with you as this Potter? saith the Lord. Behold, as the clay is in the Potter's hand, so are ye in mine hand, O house of Israel.

Note 2. The Mohammedan muezzins, from the minarets of the many mosques which are so numerous in the countries of Islam, call the Faithful to prayer five times a day, the appointed season being just after sunset, at nightfall, at daybreak, near midday, and in the afternoon.

Note 3. Azrael, one of the archangels, regarded as the Angel of Death.

Note 4. Mecca the most sacred city in the Mohammedan world. The "Follower of the Prophet" who makes the pilgrimage to Mecca has the right and distinction of wearing the green turban.

Note 5. It was at Gaya (since called Buddha Gaya), that Prince Siddartha attaining Nirvana, became the Buddaha. According to Indian philosophy, Nirvana is the acme of perfection.

Note 6. The seventy-two Religions which are supposed to divide the World; some say, including Islamism, others not.

Note 7. "The Gate of Tears;" the strait or passage into the Red Sea, commonly called Babelmandel. It received this name from the old Arabians, on account of the danger of navigation, and the number of shipwrecks by which it was distinguished induced them to consider as dead, and to wear mourning for, all who had the boldness to hazard the passage through it into the Ethiopic Ocean."—Richardson.

Note 8. "In the territory of Istkahar there is a kind of apple, half of which is sweet and half sour." Ebn Haukal.

Note 9. \* \* \* "Verily God hath purchased of the true believers their souls and their substance, promising them the enjoyment of paradise; *on condition* that they fight for the cause of God; whether they slay or be slain, the promise for the same is assuredly due by the law, and the gospel, and the Koran. And who performeth his contract more faithfully than God? Rejoice therefore in the contract which ye have made. This shall be great happiness. Chap. ix, Al Koran, Entitled, The Declaration of Immunity. Sale.

"There are they who shall approach near unto God; they shall dwell in gardens of delight. (There shall be many of the former religions; and few of the last). Reposing on couches adorned with gold and precious stones; sitting opposite to one another thereon. Youths which shall continue in their bloom for ever, shall go around about to attend them, with goblets, and beakers, and a cup of flowing wine; their heads shall not ache by drinking the same, neither shall their reason be disturbed; and with fruits of the sort which they shall choose, and the flesh of birds of the kind which they shall desire. And there shall ac-

company them fair damsels having large black eyes: resembling pearls hidden in their shells; as a reward for that which they shall have wrought. They shall not have therein any vain discourse, or any charge of sin; but only the salutation of Peace! Peace! And the companions of the right hand (how happy shall the companions of the right hand be?) shall have their abode among lote trees free from thorns, and trees of Mauz loaded regularly with their produce from top to bottom; under an extended shade, near a flowing water, and amidst fruits in abundance, which shall not fail, *nor shall be forbidden to be gathered*; and they shall repose themselves on lofty beds. Verily we have created the damsels of paradise by a peculiar creation; and we have made them virgins, beloved by their husbands, of equal age with them; for the delight of the companions of the right hand. Al Koran, Chap. LVI, Entitled, "The Inevitable."

Note 10. After the final judgment all will be required to pass over the bridge Al-Sirat, whose width is less than that of a fine hair, and whence the wicked plunge into hell (Al-Hawiyat), while the virtuous cross in safety into heaven.—Koran.

Note 11. Hot winds from the desert which suddenly sweep over the country adjoining, often ruin the growing fruit.

Note 12. Genii: Below the Archangels and those angels who pass their time in hymming the praise of God, in a class of beings called Ginns, or Genii, and who are mortal, and are divided into good and evil spirits. These Ginns are subdivided into several classes, such as Div, or giants; Per, or fairies, etc.—Buel.

Note 13. The Cup of King Jamshyd was a miraculous divining cup, typical of the 7 Heavens, 7 Planets, 7 Seas, etc.; and was supposed to either contain, or to change whatever was drunk from it, into an elixir.

Note 14. The sacred blue pigeons of Mecca.

Note 15. "Oman's Sea;" A name sometimes given to the Persian Gulf which separates Persia and Arabia.

Note 16. "Isis and Osiris; Two of the great divinities of the ancient Egyptians. The constant weeping of Isis over the death of Osiris, her husband, was the source of the Nile's water, according to the belief of some.

Note 17. "Bulbul;" The Nightingale.

Note 18. "The Brahmana;" are the speculative theology and ritualism, built up through centuries by the scholarly priesthood of India which concentrated all human interest in the power and prosperity of the church.

Note 19. The custom of pouring wine on the ground is an old one in the Orient, and still continues in some countries of the East. It was a libation to Mother Earth, a sign of liberality, and often had a much more significant meaning, as is shown in the case of Ali.

Note 20. "The celebrated hanging gardens, raised upon many an arch proud to do service to the beautiful life above it, were built by Nebuchadnezzar to assuage the nostalgia, or homesickness of his Median queen, who was unhappy midst the largest luxury and ever-varying entertainment of the prosperous and pleasure seeking city of Babylon. To Nebuchadnezzar Babylon was the fondest of Loves, and he spared neither time, pains nor substance to adorn the city which was the apple of his eye, and yet, even Nebuchadnezzar regarded these hanging gardens as the supreme effort of his life. Built in the center of a city which was in itself the center of the Babylonian dominions; raised to the height of a mountain by terrace succeeding terrace; furnished with every plant, shrub and tree which could give variety and beauty to the landscape; surmounted by the most superb of palaces upon which gold and silver, priceless gems and all that the

cunning of the builder and architect could contrive were lavished in the most wanton profusion, it would be strange indeed if these gardens did not surpass everything but the original Garden of Eden. \* \* \* Yet today these hanging gardens, like the Tower of Babel and many another wonderful creation of man, are only a ruin of fragments of tile, brick and stone, while but a poor single tamarisk or date palm represents a once abundant foliage, in comparison with which the tropical luxuriance of the Amazon is but a sparsely wooded land. \* \* \* All of these splendors are now buried deep beneath the ground, and the last vestige of their existence almost, if not quite, obliterated by the carroding effects of time. \* \* \* The very soil whereon they once flourished has become barren refusing to yield even a scanty subsistence to the miserable people who make their wretched homes in this now sterile, I may say God-cursed region.—Buel.

Note 21. The Angel Israfil who has the most melodious voice of all God's creatures, and the angel destined to announce the day of judgment.—Koran.

THE END





The Meditations  
of  
Ali Ben Háfiz



LeeRoy J. Tappan











































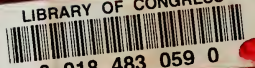








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